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THE
Commonweal

Dennis Clark

Philadelphia—Still Closed

Robert McAfee Brown

Postscript on 'The Deputy'

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Blackfriars

BLACKFRIARS, the monthly review edited by the English Dominicans, was founded in 1920. Father Vincent McNabb, defining its aims in the first number, characteristically remarked that its service of the truth might lead to as short a career as that of the Holy Innocents. In fact BLACKFRIARS is forty years old and through the years it has continued to apply a consistent Christian judgment to those issues in the contemporary world which are too often neglected or evaded.

To meet the needs of its own time must always be the concern of such a review, and BLACKFRIARS, while faithful to its original purpose, is extending its range. Apart from the principal articles in each issue, there will be regular features which will try to give its readers a survey of what is being said in such special fields as education, the social sciences, technology, and ecumenical theology. Month by month there will be an indication of what is appearing in reviews in French, Italian, German and Russian. Special attention is given to the cinema and the visual arts each month. In addition, extended book reviews will, as hitherto, provide a regular guide to what is being published.

Among recent contributors to BLACKFRIARS have been: Archbishop David Mathew, the Archbishop of Durban, Lord Pakenham, Sir Francis Walsh, F.R.S., Professor E. Evans-Pritchard, Professor R. C. Zaehner, Father Yves Congar, O.P., Father Joseph Jungmann, S.J., Professor Jocelyn Toynbee, Dr. Bernard Towers and Michael Dummett, as well as its customary Dominican contributors, including Fathers Henry St. John, Thomas Gilby, Gervase Mathew, Kenelm Foster and Illtud Evans.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

A Sad Chapter

AS DENNIS CLARK writes in this issue, the story of Catholics and race in Philadelphia is not an easy one to tell. It represents one chapter in the long, sad tale of how even minimal efforts in behalf of social justice came to be widely regarded as outside the official concern of the Church.

It may not be a typical chapter, but it is enough to remind us how equivocal the Church's position on race has been in this country: how Catholic indifference—both popular and official—to the plight of the Negro exists side by side with strong and stirring episcopal statements endorsing equality and civil rights. It has always been possible to say that the Catholic position on racism has always been clear, but in practice it has not been clear at all.

Thus, in Texas a few months ago, a new Catholic Interracial Council discovered it could not get an article, or even a paid advertisement, in its diocesan newspaper; in Louisiana some young catechists from the North are still required to sign statements promising not to interfere with community *mores*—meaning, among other things, segregation at the Communion rail. In Chicago, there have been some discouraging attempts to discredit the nuns who picketed in behalf of racial justice last year; and in Los Angeles, several Catholic laymen have felt the need to give Christian witness—in the form of a sit-in at the Cardinal-Archbishop's office—as a protest against the diocese's considerable tolerance for racial injustice.

Then too, there is the strong pattern of discrimination in the Knights of Columbus, the silence of so many Catholic newspapers in the South, and the persistent evidence that very few priests, North or South, feel they are in a position to write frank articles or letters to the editor on the subject under their own name.

This, of course, is one side of the situation. There is another, brighter side: the efforts of several bishops, pre-eminently Cardinal Ritter and Cardinal Cushing; the home-visit movement—inspired by Friendship House—which on one recent Sunday marshalled 100,000 white Americans for visits and discussions at homes of Negroes; the work of Mathew Ahmann and the National Conference on Religion and Race; and the spread of the Catholic Interracial Councils.

THE CATHOLIC contribution is clearly growing, although it still lags badly. As the 1963-64 report of the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice's executive director put it, "Given the social history and organization of the Catholic community, its response to the racial crisis is not likely to change drastically, though the present accelerated trend will continue." The open spirit of the ecumenical council has helped. So has the large Catholic participation in the March on Washington. But it still seems that the Catholic efforts here consist largely of action by small groups of laymen and isolated clerics—and free-floating, abstract official statements that are rarely followed up by official action. In a few dioceses, the long-awaited statement, far from heralding new attention to racial justice, has taken on the appearance of a maximum concession to civil rights advocates. The statements are read and put away; those who presume to act on them often do so at their own risk.

The gap between theory and practice is persistent. Thus, while strong and generally helpful statements have come out of dozens of chancery offices, only four American dioceses that we know of (out of 122) have thrown the purchasing power of the diocese behind the theory—although Catholic interracial leaders have asked for years that chanceries refuse to let contracts to businesses that discriminate in hiring or housing.

The same gap appears in other ways. One would be the thought that the Church is responsible for presenting the principles of social justice, but not to

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see that they are, in fact, observed. Mr. Clark gets at this attitude when he writes in his article of the Philadelphia Archdiocesan position that the Catholic Intergroup Relations Council "should not press the issue, but should wait for the action of grace." The urgency which should be present in this time of crisis is regarded as an expendable luxury in view of what is conceived as some wider interest, presumably institutional.

In short, it appears that the American Church, on the whole, has not been willing to risk much on this issue. One still senses the reluctance to speak or act with the same concreteness or urgency as if, say, the question were one of sexual morality. Even a few concrete decisions could change things dramatically: across-the-board permission for priests and nuns to picket for racial justice; opening of Catholic facilities in off-hours as meeting places for civil rights groups; the denial of contracts to segregated businesses; and official endorsements of *this* civil rights bill, undiluted. It is rather late in the game to be favoring civil rights without endorsing some of the means that achieve them.

End of an Era?

IN THE COURSE of an extended trip through troubled East Africa C. L. Sulzberger has been producing a series of highly interpretive columns for the New York *Times*. He recently declared in one of these that the end of the Christian foreign missionary era is at hand. Citing the antagonism of an official in Uganda, he lists the following reasons: identification of Christian missions with white colonialism; the way missioners' educational and proselytizing activities have led them to intervene politically and affront new nationalistic sentiments; their efforts to protect oppressed and imperiled minorities; Catholic and Protestant rivalries and those between the political leaders who are the products of different mission schools.

If we leave aside for the moment the spreading of the good tidings of the Redemption, to what extent are Christian missionaries from the West needed by the peoples of the Afro-Asian world? At this stage in many countries no group is better placed or better organized than such self-sacrificing men and women from Europe and the United States to supply the education needed for the economic and social advancement of these peoples. Missionaries are today building up important medical facilities, another essential. They are serving as links between white and native technicians. Thanks to the new ecumenical spirit, Catholic and Protestant missioners are cooperating rather than competing as heretofore. In view of the tremendous needs and aspirations of many ill-prepared, underdeveloped new nations, the Christian missionary may have greater opportunities than ever before.

But if he is to see his often heroic efforts brought to full fruition, many changes already in the making will have to be carried further. The over-all principle will be to serve the various peoples in their efforts to create at least societies consonant with human dignity. Throughout, the object will be to develop native personnel capable of standing wholly on their own feet—in education, medicine, business and government administration, technology and the Christian churches themselves. The great movement for a native clergy and hierarchy must not only be accelerated but changed in its orientation so that native priests will no longer be thought of as Europeanized.

Mr. Sulzberger would have called the turn if he had said that the more dominating type of missionary activity was "drawing to a close," that the missioner of today can no longer be an emissary of the West but rather a provider of the tools for new native civilizations which can thrive and endure. In this age of wholesale transition the Christian call "to teach all nations" still rings clear; it is only that the dimensions of the missionary's task have become quite different.

Trial by Jury

WERE WE IN the business of handing out testimonials, it would be an easy matter to think of men we would not care to honor. Among them would be Roy M. Cohn, financial and anti-Communist entrepreneur; Ross R. Barnett, former Governor of Mississippi; Paul B. Johnson, Jr., the present Governor of Mississippi; and Byron de la Beckwith, the accused assassin of Medgar Evers. As for Mr. Cohn, we still have indelibly etched in our memory his antics in behalf of Senator Joseph McCarthy's Great Crusade. Messrs. Barnett and Johnson have won a small place in American history for defying the federal courts for the sake of a lily-white University of Mississippi. Mr. Beckwith, straight out of Faulkner, stands as a prototype (quite apart from his alleged crime) of racism as a way of life.

Doubtless there are many to whom these men are heroes. But there are probably more who would like nothing so much as to witness their downfall. It is not an easy impulse to repress. Yet luckily for them, and for all of us, the Courts stand in the way of self-righteous folk-justice (liberal or conservative). Mr. Cohn's lawyers won a mistrial in his perjury case when a juror's father died. Messrs. Barnett and Johnson have yet to be brought to trial as due

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process of law wends its leisurely way. Byron de la Beckwith has now been released on bail after two mistrials because of hung juries.

In each instance it would be possible to find grounds for indignation, but not much, we think. Whatever Mr. Cohn's background, there is no reason to assume his guilt in the case under consideration. It is perfectly possible that he is, as he charges, the victim of a Justice Department vendetta. Worse things have been known to happen. Only a jury can decide, and however much our secret bad wishes may push us to shout "Off with his head" our legal system has the immense advantage that it tries men for specific crimes and not for misspent lives.

Something of the kind can also be said in Mr. Beckwith's case, though special account must be taken of Southern jury mores. By all odds, Mr. Beckwith should have been acquitted long ago; his alleged crime is of a type which traditionally remained unpunished regardless of evidence. Given these tribal customs, even a hung jury must be accounted an advance in Mississippi justice. So too must the zeal of the prosecution which could just as easily have responded with faint fervor.

A more complicated problem arises in the instance of Barnett and Johnson. By a 5-4 decision the Supreme Court has held that they can be tried without a jury trial. Practically speaking, the decision is a welcome one: they are more likely to be convicted by federal judges than by a jury of their peers. Yet it is perhaps just such a way of reasoning which should be resisted. Somehow or other, Southern juries must find it in themselves to take the law seriously, even when it impinges on their local notions of justice. If that day has not yet arrived, it is not likely to be hastened by strenuous efforts to keep race cases away from juries. There is mounting evidence that Southern juries are not as willing to wink at crimes against Negroes as readily as in the past. This development should be encouraged: in the long run it is of vital importance, even if there will be some miscarriages of justice before it fully ripens.

The test of the jury system is not that it express the popular will, but that it give a man a chance to be justly tried.

For Logicians Only

WE HAVE a small complaint which we would like to direct at those of our readers who are professional logicians. Why is it that nothing is said in your textbooks about what is commonly called the "camel's nose argument"? From what we can see, it is the fashionable way today to argue against those who would advocate change or reassessment.

To wit: *if* the Supreme Court should start taking account of the minority sentiment of a small number of secular Jews, *then* the next thing we know unhappy Buddhists will claim the right to burn themselves at government expense in the middle of Main Street and the Aztecs will claim the right to sacrifice their victims in Central Park. Or: *if* the Church should change its teaching on birth control ever so slightly, *then* the way is open for approval of abortion, infanticide, euthanasia, genocide, and contraception clinics in kindergarten. Even: *if* capital punishment is abolished, *then* prisons will go next, and then law itself.

The only logician we were able to consult tried to be helpful: "*If* you start questioning the argument," he said, "*then* you'll just lead some to begin wondering about the validity of the principle of non-contradiction. One thing always leads to another, you know." We started to ask him another question, but kept our silence. After all, we thought to ourselves, *if* we doubt one thing, *then* we may end by doubting all things. If someone can see a way out of all this, we will recommend him to the editors of the *Journal of Symbolic Logic*.

WASHINGTON REPORT

Witness for Foreign Aid

FROM TIME to time, there arrives a book which so refreshes our spirit or lacerates our conscience that it renews the impulse to care and to struggle onward in the ceaseless combat of politics and public affairs. Such a book was Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*. Another was Harry Caudill's *Night Comes to the Cumberlands*, a poignant "biography" of the depressed lands and people of eastern Kentucky. These were both books that cut through the normal private concerns that beguile and distract us and awakened our conscience to react and turn toward the larger necessities of the community.

Frank M. Coffin's *Witness for Aid* (published this month by Houghton-Mifflin) is another work of this character. It too challenges our conscience but only indirectly and implicitly. Its major value is that it refreshes the mind. One takes a kind of pure intellectual delight in reading a book by a public man on a tangled, complicated issue—in this instance, our foreign aid program—that bespeaks an inner calmness, a civilized wit, a decent and generous idealism informed by an understanding of

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the hard realities but not held earthbound by them. There is nothing vulgar or hurried, evasive or pretentious. Reading the book, one again catches a glimpse of what public life can and should be.

We have had many occasions these past five months to mourn the death of President Kennedy because of the loss to our public life in dignity, civility and reasonableness. He was an antagonist worth disputing, a protagonist worthy of the causes for which he stood. But no man stands alone. Kennedy represented much of what is best and most enduring in our society; he was an unusually gifted man, but he was not a fluke or an accident. Just as he in the '60's drew strength from the work in the '50's of Adlai Stevenson, many of whose advisers and programmatic ideas he inherited and whose restrained style in some ways resembled his own, so also was he foremost in a goodly company of less well-known but equally dedicated and conscientious contemporaries. Men such as Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, Senators Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin and Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, and Congressmen William Fitts Ryan of New York and Frank Thompson of New Jersey are in their different ways exemplars of the values of what may be called the post-World War II Kennedy generation.

Frank Coffin is of this group. An honor graduate of both the Harvard Law School and the Harvard School of Business Administration, a Navy veteran, he turned aside from a successful practice as a trial lawyer a decade ago to devote a considerable share of his energies to reviving the long-moribund Democratic Party in Maine. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1956, served two terms on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, was narrowly defeated for governor of Maine in 1960, and then joined the Kennedy Administration as chairman of the Development Loan Fund. When this was merged into the Agency for International Development (AID), he became deputy administrator. President Kennedy had chosen him to be the new ambassador to Panama to execute the difficult mission of renegotiating the Panama Canal Treaty next year, but he had not submitted the nomination papers to the Senate at the time of his assassination. Since President Johnson wanted his own man in Panama, Coffin took the post of U.S. representative to the Development Assistance Committee which meets in Paris and coordinates the economic aid programs of western Europe, Canada, the U.S. and Japan.

Witness for Aid reflects Coffin's training as a trial lawyer and a political speaker. He marshals his arguments with ease and cogency. Although he writes out of three years of experience as a top-level administrator of the aid program, he has not produced a memoir or an inside story. The presentation of factual material is subordinated to the effort to clarify issues and deepen understanding. It is, in effect, a long essay (268 pages) about the background, nature, limits, and purpose of our aid programs.

REGULAR readers of this report from Washington are doubtless aware that the foreign aid program engages my interest more than many other competing topics on the national scene. This is because both as a political observer and a Christian, I deeply believe that nothing else we do in foreign affairs is more important than the assistance we provide for the economic development of the poorer countries. From a religious standpoint, we have an unquestionable moral obligation to devote a part of our national wealth to help people in other countries break out of their age-old misery and poverty. The toil-worn peasant, the sick child covered with flies, the hungry villager in the dirty, dung-caked street, each of them is my brother or sister, and yours. From a political standpoint, we can never achieve the peaceful, lawful world for which we strive if more than half our neighbors are alternately convulsed by anger or despair because of sheer material deprivation.

A great majority of Americans share these moral and political judgments as public opinion surveys periodically demonstrate, but sometimes we grow weary of this obligation, as we do of other obligations. Two weeks before his death, President Kennedy in an address to the Protestant Council of the City of New York addressed himself to this weariness:

"Some say they are tiring of this task, or tired of world problems, or tired of hearing those who receive our aid disagree with our diplomacy. But what kind of spirit is that? Are we tired of living in a free world?

"Do we expect to make it over in our own image? Are we going to quit now because there are problems not yet solved? . . . Surely we are not going to throw away our hopes and means in an outburst of petty irritation and frustration.

"My fellow Americans. . . . Let us heed the words of Paul the Apostle to the Galatians: 'Let us not be weary in well-doing for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.'"

Kennedy made this speech in a belated but deeply earnest attempt to rally public opinion against the little group of willful men in Congress who were then ob-

Anniversary Subscription Drive

This past week The Commonweal crossed the 35,000-copy mark for the first time in its history. We are most grateful to the hundreds of readers who are taking part in the Anniversary campaign by giving or soliciting new subscriptions, or who in other ways have made this milestone possible. The campaign continues toward its objective of a 40,000 circulation during the magazine's 40th Anniversary Year.

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structing passage of the foreign aid appropriation. Chief among them were Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon and Representative Otto Passman of Louisiana. Now he is gone and they are still with us. Nothing has softened their self-righteousness or chastened their hard, obstinate opposition. Once again, a foreign aid bill is before Congress. On April 14, Morse objected to the Foreign Relations Committee meeting on the bill while the Senate was in session.

"There is no hurry about this bill," Morse said. "We may be able to get around to it in November or December."

Before the committee adjourned, Morse attacked a provision in the bill providing funds for the training and education of 1500 Africans in this country next year. We should not spend money to educate foreigners when there are not enough places in college for American students, Morse declared. And so the ghost of the America First Committee walks again in the Capitol.

Only the force of Presidential leadership and an aroused public opinion can break down the strength of these obstructionists. Frank Coffin's *Witness for Aid* deserves a wide reading because it states the case for our aid program so persuasively and places that program in its true context. If the book evokes sufficient public response, we may soon again move forward to do the tasks abroad that challenge us as the richest nation in the world.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

The racial situation is explosive, but in official Catholic quarters everything is fine

Philadelphia—Still Closed

DENNIS CLARK

IN PHILADELPHIA there is a favorite soup called pepper pot. The only meat in the soup is tripe, but there are other things and lots of pepper. The city is like the soup. There is an awful lot of tripe and many soggy elements, but there can be a hot sensation after the bland stuff is swallowed. Recently, the local Catholics have been snorting and rasping from an overdose of pepper. A dispute about Catholic attitudes toward the racial changes agitating the city has produced all kinds of furor and fulmination.

When people say that nothing is going on in Philadelphia, they are right. Nothing goes on in the present; the city's past makes its events. The basic patterns for present actions are evoked from a history that is as pervasive as it is persistent. Philadelphia is stable. It has a high home-ownership rate, small immigrant proportion and a conscious class and status fixation. The Philadelphians are burghers who dug in long ago.

The city's first Catholic mayor is now in office. The Catholics of the Archdiocese are proper, quiescent and uncongenial to innovations. Cardinal Dougherty, who presided over the Archdiocese for decades, consecrated a glacial ecclesiastical system, and made it one of the most powerful in the nation. Nowhere is it more true that the Church is the school system. Over 90 percent of the Catholic children attend Catholic schools. Cardinal O'Hara, who reigned during the post-War years was a man of classically conservative outlook. Archbishop John J. Krol, who now heads the Archdiocese, inherited a formidable establishment, toughened by its great school achievements and satisfied that as far as things Catholic were concerned, things were as they should be. Catholic groups were devotional, separated by sex and respectable. There was no Catholic Worker, or Young Christian Worker, or Friendship House. Family life groups where husbands and wives mixed did not exist. The Archbishop's Committee on Christian Home and Family was a women's committee. The schools yield vocations, Catholic marriages and a high level of visible religious practice.

The pastors in Philadelphia remember, by a wonderful selective process, certain vivid incidents in Catholic history. Father Willie Hogan's schism in the early nineteenth century is a favorite and sober recollection. One recent auxiliary bishop was an expert on the affair. On dim evenings in almost any rectory, the ghost of Willie Hogan and his rebellious lay henchmen can be seen shadowing the sitting room wall. Other favorite recollections are the anti-Catholic riots of the 1840's, the American Protective Association, the night John B. Kelly (Grace Kelly's father) was gypped out of the Mayor's office after winning the election, and the way nobody would listen about Communism until Senator McCarthy gave them what for.

All of this has contributed to a peculiar Catholic

DENNIS CLARK, formerly Executive Secretary of the New York chapter of the Catholic Interracial Council and a Philadelphia resident, has written extensively on urban and racial problems.

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affliction, referred to at various national Catholic conferences as Philadelphiaphobia. It consists of an exquisite sensitivity to criticism, a reserve bordering on the comatose, and a fear of drafts from open ecclesiastical windows. Philadelphia Catholics have pretty much been a world unto themselves. They did not normally poke around in interreligious affairs or haul the banners of the Church into the crossfire of civic events; if they were caught out in the civic wars, they were innocent. Cardinal Dougherty used to campaign against military conscription in the 1940's. The problems of the sixties have taken Philadelphiaphobiacs somewhat by surprise. Liturgical change, controversy, questions and lay pundits are alarming. The uproar about race relations is not the least of the disturbing developments.

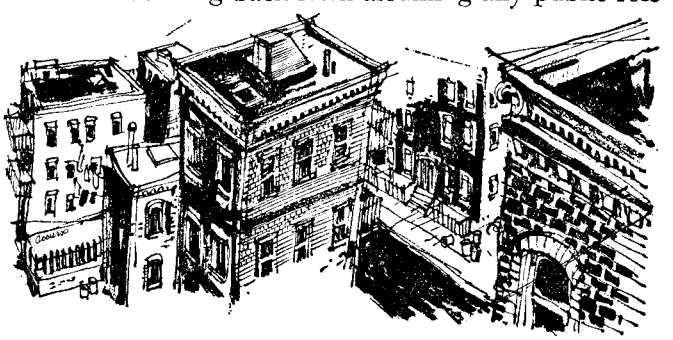
PHILADELPHIA has over 600,000 Negroes within the city limits. Dark skin is an itchy thing these days, and the integration problems have scratched, rubbed and clawed the dark-skinned Negro population raw. The situation has been painful for years. In 1957 when a Negro moved to Levittown, Pennsylvania, outside the city, crowds created a nasty problem and many headlines. The Catholic Interracial Council issued a statement asking for simple measures to restore peace, and the late Cardinal O'Hara gave the Council the episcopal coup de grace.

In one section of the city, devotedly called Fishtown, a diehard white population in the summer of 1960 successively expelled from houses or apartments: two Negro families, two Puerto Rican families, one Portuguese family from Rhode Island that was shaded too dark on the skin spectrum, and one Cherokee fellow from North Carolina. The latter was driven out by a stone-tossing gang a block from St. Ann's church in the Port Richmond area a week before he was to be married in the church. He had rented an apartment near his intended bride's home. "We thought he was a nigger," the neighborhood punks said. These outbreaks, and many others, have arisen from the attempts of Negroes to move through the housing market. Schools, jobs and politics also provide periodic eruptions. Last summer NAACP pickets halted work on city public schools and a new municipal building. The Mayor's Commission on Human Relations blew up in a geyser of dispute with the city's chief executive.

In September, 1963, a Negro named Horace Baker moved his family into a suburban village called Folcroft. The white neighbors hit the streets, stoned the house, vandalized it, and once again the news media had a home-town panorama of prejudice to display. The Folcroft area was heavily Catholic. A group of Catholics from a distant suburban area went to Folcroft to repair the Baker's house on the Labor Day weekend. A young priest went with them. This tiny group of Catholics were what is referred to locally, with intense pastoral forbearance, as "lay apostolate types." The young priest was promptly told how young he was by his superiors, and directed to duties that would occupy him fully. One redoubtable layman was interviewed on the radio, and candidly stated that he thought that it was tragic that Catholics in Folcroft had acted as they had, and that it was even more tragic that their religious leaders had been mute about the incident.

Rather quickly a number of Catholics chorused their concern about the Folcroft incident. A group of university types met, and, typically, wrung their spirits in disgust at the lack of official Catholic leadership in Folcroft. A priest present advised the group to go do their job without regard to the Archdiocese. But, it was the lack of *official* Catholic leadership in race relations over the years that was felt to be the major scandal. Catholics moving in articulate circles have been the butt of honest criticism for years about the local "Church of silence" situation. It is indisputable that in Philadelphia, perhaps above anywhere, the priests and bishops are the leadership of the laity. They speak for the laity by common consent. Only the maverick few worry about this. Finally, after some argument, it was concluded that something should be done to try to get some official action about Folcroft. There were many people who were appalled by the spectacle of Catholics sneering and mocking Negroes in the streets of the suburb. There was strenuous argument among the whites and Negroes in the group as to whether anything could be done to arouse the Archdiocese about the problem. The feeling finally prevailed that some last ditch effort to engage the Archdiocese had to be made. Those assembled concluded that there was, indeed, a scandal in the inaction of Catholic officials, and they could not bring themselves to admit that such inaction could be glossed over or ignored by them as Catholics.

The internal functioning of the Church in the Archdiocese testifies to good will in race relations. Outside of the ghetto there is a belt of integrated parishes. The Negro population is between six and eight percent Catholic, a higher percentage than most of the Northern dioceses. The influence of the schools is operative in the Negro community. The protest leadership and the muscle of the Negro community is vigorously Protestant, however, and perhaps this is one reason that Catholic officials have hung back from assuming any public role



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in race relations. The paramount fact is that the city is not going to see its way through the great racial revolution without a powerful Catholic effort to make the transition possible. There is no evidence as yet, however, that Catholic quarters intend to make the kind of intrepid intervention necessary to change the conditions that form a regimen of privation and limitation for Negro families.

Archbishop John J. Krol is an impressive figure. He has great dignity, self-possession and a relentlessly logical approach to issues. He has had the statements of the U.S. bishops on race relations read in the pulpits of the Archdiocese. The most recent statement was read in Folcroft a week before the Baker family arrived, and provided an ironic curtain-raiser. The Archdiocese has yet to hear personally from him on race, however. No religious of the Archdiocese felt free to participate in the March on Washington. Those who asked if it would be possible were discouraged. Most prelates who met with President Kennedy to discuss racial tensions last summer issued statements on their return home. Archbishop Krol did not. It was widely known in the Archdiocese that when the National Liturgical Conference met in the city last summer an attempt was made to issue a televised statement on the connection between worship and interracial justice, and the Archdiocese put the quietus upon the plan. Many Bishops have spoken personally on racial problems within their localities. Archbishop Krol has not seen fit to do this.

THE IMMEDIATE upshot of the Folcroft events was a rather militant visit to the Archbishop by seven Negro Catholics, all professional men. They expressed their chagrin to the Archbishop's staff, but did not get a chance to talk to the Archbishop himself. Chancery officials agreed, after some sharp exchanges, that they would work with a group of concerned Catholics to deal with racial problems in the Archdiocese. A Catholic Intergroup Relations Council was formed, and a Negro, Robert M. Thomas, was elected President. Thomas, a former newspaperman, is a hard-driving man with some years' experience in intergroup work in the city. Under his spirited efforts the chancellor of the Archdiocese agreed to issue a statement to the parishioners of Folcroft. It was a strong and eloquent statement. A controversy raged in December about the custom of marchers in the famous New Year's Day Mummers Parade using blackface make-up in their cavorting. The parade threatened to be a mass brawl, for the Negro community was in no mood for blackface buffoonery as 1964 opened. The chancellor issued a statement calling for a peaceful resolution of the contention.

The infant Catholic Intergroup Relations Council launched a good series of speaking engagements in parishes and Catholic groups. They worked hard in Folcroft, visiting the homes of the few people who would let them in. The Folcroft community was still harassing the Baker family and the atmosphere was bitter. The anti-Negro factions had organized every block. The good people in the area were grimly intimidated. They were enjoined not to make any move to express friendship or even sympathy for the Bakers. The anti-Negro element stood in the living room of one resident and told him that his children would be beaten if they went near the Bakers. After weeks of tension, Horace Baker entered a rest home with a nervous breakdown.

Father John I. Kane, the pastor of St. Gabriel's parish in Folcroft played a tortuous role. After agreeing to let a group of Catholics and non-Catholics meet at the parish, he called police and threatened to have the group arrested unless they left the parish. At a later meeting, set up after prodigious work by Miles Mahoney, a skillful and experienced intergroup worker and an Intergroup Relations Council member, Father Kane caused a sad commotion. Instead of forty people who had been carefully selected, over two hundred showed up. Father Kane told them that the Catholic Intergroup Relations Council members present were there because the Archdiocese had imposed their presence upon him. Father Kane was full of contradictions. When Miles Mahoney rose to read the statement of the U.S. Bishops on Discrimination and the Christian Conscience, the audience rose after the first lines and walked out almost to a man. The work of the Council had been subverted, and Father Kane had brought discredit upon the parish again. The fiasco hit the papers. The Council had resisted for months the importunings of all kinds of reporters who wanted to highlight Father Kane's erratic behavior. A "no comment" stance was repeatedly affirmed. A meeting between Chancery officials and Council members and the priests from the Folcroft area led to no solution.

By February, 1964, almost six months after the confrontation of the seven Negroes with the Archdiocesan officials, a quiet fury had taken hold among some of the Council members. President Robert Thomas could show some limited gains, but the chaplain of the group had rather mysteriously resigned. Negroes had begun drifting out of the Council and joining CORE and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee. Once again, an audience was asked with the Archbishop. Robert Thomas met with the Archbishop, but this individual meeting proved unsatisfactory. The Council had submitted a list of requests to the Archbishop and his two auxiliaries. It asked for: a pastoral letter or personal statement from the Archbishop on the subject of interracial justice; a set of guidelines for civic action for Catholics, similar to the guidelines issued in Boston and elsewhere; some endorsement of the work of the Council; a local conference on Religion and Race; some measures to help out in the Folcroft situation; and a

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chaplain for the group. A meeting of the Council executive committee with the Archbishop and the Auxiliary Bishops was arranged.

AT THIS meeting with the Bishops a wide range of problems was discussed. The Council members came away discouraged. The Archbishop had refused some of the requests and deferred others. More important, the Archdiocesan point of view was conveyed with revealing emphasis. The Council members were told that if there was a confrontation, say with a pastor, and there was an impasse about what means would be used to deal with a racial problem, the Council should not press the issue, but should wait for the action of grace. The Bishops felt that the Church was doing an excellent job in its institutions. The civic dimension of social life simply did not seem to exist or was not perceived.

The Bishops perhaps saw a relatively new and young group trying to cope with an old problem. The Council members actually had put in years of work on the problem. They were competent, professional people. They would be instant in their rejection of any charge of anti-clerical taint. Their personal commitment and Catholic involvements over the years would clearly repudiate any such allegation. The Council members simply saw the issues in widely different terms than their Bishops. There had been no two-way communication for so long that when the two groups, who are essentially one, met and talked, they spoke different tongues.

After the meeting with the Bishops, there were several anguished meetings of the executive committee. They were a case study of Catholic conscience in conflict over the precedence of values. What should the response to the Bishops be? Some members of the group resigned and the committee split. The issue went to the floor of the Intergroup Relations Council meeting on March 20. It was a fiery meeting with stirring debate about lay responsibility, loyalty to the Archdiocese, working within limitations and the need for more time to work things out. But the candle had burned low. One group presented a draft letter to the Archbishop. The letter repeated the need for action on the Council's requests, and said, "We had hoped to obtain your approbation for our work, but we cannot permit this desire to prescind or constrict us from efforts which we believe to be just and necessary either now or in the future."

There was great tension in the meeting. Some members, whites and Negroes, had argued for drastic direct action tactics with the Archdiocese for months. There were hard statements on the floor. A Folcroft resident was present, and said he frankly did not think that Catholic officials in the Archdiocese were reflecting the Church's outlook on race relations. "The issue in this case is silence," said another Folcroft resident. "Will our Archbishop lead us?" There were press representatives present, and stories followed in the papers, but they were somewhat oblique.

The disputed letter was passed by a 43 to 30 vote. It was duly sent to the Archbishop. It was sent with a sense of heavy responsibility on the part of those who supported it. Their Catholic loyalty imposed deeply upon their judgment. Council President Thomas opposed the letter. Council Secretary Mahoney supported it.

The supporters of the letter knew that it would probably become public. The letter, in effect, criticized the Archbishop. Why should Catholics criticize their Archbishop in this matter? First, it was felt that six months of negotiation had passed and there was no prospect of significant Archdiocesan leadership emerging. Second, procrastination preserved the status quo, and the Negro community in 1964 is fused to blow up that status quo. The clock is ticking faster every day. Third, the Catholic Intergroup Relations Council could not in the foreseeable future stir the Catholic community sufficiently to induce the educational and civic changes necessary to ward off a racial collision. The Archdiocese, at its upper levels, could induce these changes. But, it would not come about in the present posture of things. Fourth, Catholic lay people must be able to criticize if we are to see the world whole in the task of adapting the Gospel to our times. Finally, some Negro Catholics had flatly said they would leave the Church if some change were not brought about in the local scene.

This has not been an easy story to tell. It is a story that has echoes in many places. The role of Catholics in social action is fraught with conflicts, and loyalty to Catholicism is no guarantee of common understanding. Hopefully, this understanding will grow and flourish in the years ahead.

Hundredfold

The soul has
nights of cold
and desert days.

It's then He sends her
John,
not he of camel's hair
and leathern girdle
to warn
of wrath to come
and casting into fire,

but
John He sends
who leaned upon His Breast.

SISTER M. SIMPLICIA, I.H.M.

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The Christian and War

LAST WEEK I referred to the Christian tradition on war, which has always sought to contain hatred, to restrain violence, to "civilize" warfare. This idea strikes so many as strange and foreign that it is worth returning to once more.

A frightening number of people are ready to say that no limits can be set on violence once armed force is employed. To my mind such thinking represents a relapse into barbarism—a kind of barbarism against which the Church resolutely set her face, at least until modern times.

Mass warfare fought with mass armies is a modern phenomenon. The use of small armies of paid mercenaries or volunteers is a thing of the past, and the change has helped to promote the idea of total war. It is this which is the abomination; it is this which has shattered the Christian tradition of civilized warfare.

Total war simply denies that the aims of war and the use of force are limited by moral principles. In total war anything goes, and I think Americans should consider how often we ourselves have had at least one foot in the total war camp. Think, for example, of the World War II conception of obliteration bombing; of the terrible fire raids carried out against German and Japanese cities; of the use of the A-bomb against the civilian populations of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. And we must ask ourselves: where were the Bishops and theologians and just plain Christians then?

Once upon a time some limitations on warfare were almost automatic, if only because of man's technological limitations. Today these restrictions are almost gone. Now only men's free decisions can impose limitations on the use of force.

Confronted with this situation, I almost wish I were a pacifist. Pacifism is, if not simple, at least clearcut. But I am unable to deny to the state the right to use force if necessary to protect the common good. It is in my view wrong to let evil triumph. At the same time war may be waged only for a just cause and by just methods. This is where the shoe pinches.

There is no doubt of the gravity of the situation. Literally hundreds of millions of people can die from nuclear blast and heat. Hundreds of millions more can be doomed to die from radioactive contamination or starvation. Nuclear war could mean a world, as someone once put it, in which the living would envy the dead.

On the other hand, there are the Communists, and this fact, I suspect, makes Christians slow to discuss the question of just means. A government like ours has a terrible responsibility. It must keep the world from being destroyed, yet it must also keep it from domination by the Communists. Our public officials from President Johnson on down deserve both our sympathy and our prayers.

A widespread, general thermonuclear war could not possibly serve any moral or rational purpose that I can see. But does this mean that our entire nuclear defense system should be scrapped? If President Johnson appealed for advice, should he be urged to scrap the A-bomb unilaterally if necessary? Should he be urged to sink all our bombs in the sea regardless of what the Russians do? Perhaps it is because my faith is weak, but my answer would be no.

All Christians, non-pacifists as well as pacifists, are committed to work for peace. But it seems to me that those who would urge the unilateral scrapping of nuclear weapons must face a hard question: would not this act in fact make war more likely? To my mind the answer to this question is yes. Since any act that would encourage World War III is criminal, I would consider unilateral nuclear disarmament out of the question. This is not to say, though, that unilateral first steps toward the control of nuclear weapons are out of order; they are not, and I think we should be far more ready than we have been to take risks in this direction.

We must at the same time do two things: we must admit that the issue is terribly complicated and we must avoid formalism at all cost. The Eisenhower Administration, for example, stressed the "bigger bang for a buck" theory. This involved our stocking super-bombs for use against population centers—in my mind indefensible—but it did mean reduced military expenditures. Thus on the surface at least the policy seemed to represent a step toward peace, whereas in fact it moved us a step closer to total war. Secretary of Defense McNamara, on the other hand, has always favored a "mixed" defense, with great stress on a variety of possible responses to provocation, from the rifle in Vietnam through the tactical nuclear weapon to the big bomb. This diversity is more expensive than the Eisenhower formula that would put all our bang in one big basket, but it reduces the chance of total war. In this situation, then, a man of peace can be in the paradoxical position of being for that Defense Department policy which takes more rather than less money.

One thing I cannot see is how any moralist can possibly justify an all-out, no-holds-barred nuclear war. This would seem to leave only the two alternatives: pacifism, or an effort to work for the limitations of war and the weapons of war. The latter course represents traditional Christian wisdom, in my view, and it is the one I choose. But the problem is, I think, that entirely too many Christians are following neither course; they are closing their eyes to the problem, hoping that others will solve it for them.

JAMES O'GARA

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Psychiatry Today

FRANCIS J. BRACELAND

IN ITS CHECKERED career, psychiatry has encountered many obstacles but has made remarkable strides forward despite them. This is particularly true of the past two decades, for it is probable that it advanced further in these years than in all of the years which had gone before. It is true that its patients are still not accepted as are other sick people by a sympathetic public; and, though people are kinder about them now, they are relieved when these distressed patients are out of the way. Their fate at the hands of legislators is still unpredictable. The federal government has been helpful, but in all local economy drives the mental hospitals are among the earliest to lose out. As a recent survey noted: "They are the first to suffer in bad times and the last to benefit in good."

It was the advent of new tranquilizing drugs in the middle of the last decade that sparked the most dramatic changes in psychiatric practice. Their discovery signified not only that psychiatry for the first time had potent medicaments in its locker, but also that excited and overactive patients now could be controlled and brought under treatment. Of equal importance was a new attitude of hopefulness which began to pervade psychiatry; people were expected to get well and they frequently responded. Efforts were made to treat patients outside of hospitals; wards were opened up within them. Day and night treatment centers were established and the idea gained credence that no general hospital could consider itself complete that did not provide for the care of the emotionally distressed. Of added importance was a ground swell of interest by citizens' groups in the mentally ill and the mentally retarded. This was particularly welcome, for in the final analysis it is these groups which will determine the fate of mental health programs and influence legislative budget committees.

Unhappily, however, not all citizens are so well disposed to psychiatry or to mental health movements and recently both groups have been subjected to severe thunder from the far right. Alfred Auerback, reporting in the August, 1963, issue of the *Journal of the American Psychiatric Association,* described at length what he termed the "anti mental health movement." Although he is best acquainted with groups operating in California, he notes that the movement has spread nationally. Among early evidences of their destructive action was the near defeat of a government plan to build a mental hospital in Alaska and thus avoid having to transport sick people to Seattle, Washington, for treatment. For some unknown reason a cry "Siberia, U.S.A." was raised and it was alleged that this was to be a concentration camp for those who disagreed with government policies and against whom the allegation of mental illness would be made. The shrill testimony given at those congressional hearings makes interesting reading in psychopathology and as evidence of the fury of zealots.

Vituperative literature is being distributed and one example culled by Auerback is worth reproducing here: "Mental hygiene is a subtle and diabolical plan of the enemy to transform a free and intelligent people into a cringing horde of zombies. Mental Health programs are part of a Communist plot to control people's minds. Do we want to become a regimented nation, brainwashed and brain-fed through a powerful army of psychiatrists?" In order to show the end result of this kind of attack, the same author quotes a Community Mental Health Act passed in Utah in 1961: "It shall be a felony to give psychiatric treatment, non-vocational mental health counseling, case finding, testing, psychoanalysis, drugs, shock treatment, lobotomy or surgery to any individual for the purpose of changing his concept of belief about or faith in God."

Some of the Mental Health Associations have come under such heavy fire that leading citizens felt it necessary to resign from them either as a result of intimidation or fear of being labelled a pro-Communist.

IT IS unfortunate that this flak is appearing now, just as psychiatry and religion are arriving at a *modus vivendi* and barriers which at one time seemed insurmountable are coming down. Strangely enough, these barriers seemed more evident in the United States than in most of Europe. In Spain a mutually respectful symbiosis had been accomplished long since, while in France a number of distinguished clergymen have been busy for more than a decade clarifying philosophical questions which were sources of misunderstanding between theologians and psychiatrists. An American psychiatrist now lectures at the Gregorian University in Rome and it is probable that the projected opening of the new medical school of Mi-

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lan's Sacred Heart University in Rome will make a psychiatric faculty available to ecclesiastical authorities, should consultation be required.

The psychological testing of candidates for the religious life is now a widespread, accepted policy and ecclesiastical marriage courts have for some time sought psychiatric opinion when mental competency is in question. This collaboration may increase of necessity, for at present, due to the usage of drugs, a number of patients are being discharged from mental hospitals who earlier might have become chronic inhabitants. Some of these patients marry and the question of the "lucid interval" is certain to arise more frequently, should marital strife appear.

There is less reluctance now among clergy and families to view alcoholism and some forms of addiction as surface symptoms of deeper disorders and, when indicated, to call upon psychiatrists for help. Some degrees of scrupulosity are also seen as neuroses which require psychiatric intervention and which are amenable to treatment. This is a fruitful field for cooperation between priest and psychiatrist, as are many of the pathological fears, anxieties and sexual problems which regularly are brought to the doors of the parish clergy.

All of these evidences of collaboration are heartening, for in the national survey already mentioned it was determined that forty-two percent of those people who at some time or other sought help for emotional problems consulted clergymen first. It is probable that few of these visits concerned involved theological problems, but rather were more likely to be calls for help with family, marital problems, or difficulties of interpersonal relations. In order to better prepare themselves for this type of counselling many priests are enrolling in one of the numerous courses being given on pastoral counselling, such as those offered at St. John's University (Collegeville, Minnesota), Fordham University and other places.

The International Catholic Association for the Study of Medical Psychology every three years brings together several hundred theologians, philosophers, psychiatrists, and psychologists from various parts of the world to discuss mutual problems. The Guild of Catholic Psychiatrists and the American Catholic Psychological Association each hold yearly meetings in which problems of concern to clergymen and practitioners are discussed. Sister Formations, religious orders, groups of religious superiors, all hold gatherings and invite psychiatrists and psychologists to address them. All of this gives evidence of the truth of a statement made earlier by the late Father Gustave Weigel, S.J.: "The old war is over. Pastors and psychiatrists have become friends. Priests talk in the meetings of psychoanalysts and psychiatrists lecture in seminaries."

THESE EVIDENCES of good will are particularly timely, for the present trend of events portends the return of the care and treatment of the mentally ill and the mentally retarded to the community. This movement was given impetus by President Kennedy's unprecedented Mental Health Message in February, 1963, in which he advocated, among other things, the construction of comprehensive Community Mental Health Centers which would serve to integrate existing community mental health activities and supply those which are lacking. These Centers will be expected to furnish rehabilitation facilities, follow-up and emergency services, as well as consultation services to courts, schools, and agencies which have need of psychiatric assistance. They may be attached to general hospitals, private non-profit mental hospitals, or even may be in some way related to the state hospital system.

Unless the establishment and continuance of these Centers becomes a cooperative community venture, they will not subserve the function intended. Over half of the psychiatrists in the United States are presently in private practice and some way will have to be found to interest them and obtain their cooperation. Family doctors and social agencies will have to have a large part to play in this effort. There will be many difficult problems to work out before these Centers can become realities and the questions of finance, direction, personnel will certainly prove to be thorny. The idea behind the concept of the Centers is excellent, however, and hopefully they will be able to reduce the number of patients who otherwise would be destined for chronic illnesses. Congress has appropriated funds for building the Centers but, unfortunately, the appropriation which was to help with the initial staffing was defeated. This was a serious blow, for most communities cannot afford to pay for staff to get the Centers started.

A recent editorial in the *Hartford Courant* regarding the defeat of this measure places it in proper perspective. In part it said: "And what good are buildings without staff? All of this was done under the misguided notion that local centers would encourage socialized medicine. But the mental health committee of The American Medical Association backed the plan, even if the House of Delegates did not. The net result was, of course, exactly the opposite of what was intended. There is nothing more socialized than medicine when it is practiced in a State

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Institution. . . . In locally operated centers all the forces of private enterprise would be served, including medical insurance and the use of private physicians. . . ." The editors then hoped that someone would introduce a bill in the next legislative session, because: "Congress could find no more fitting way to memorialize the first President to display an adequate appreciation of the greatest social problem of our time—mental health—and who himself was the victim of its absence."

All of this is an index of the remarkable changing panorama of modern medicine and modern society. The need to provide expert service and referral early, the importance of restoring human beings to roles of lesser dependence: both of these requirements become more evident every day. There is not only the problem of dealing with acute and chronic illnesses, but also with the attrition of years. The rehabilitation of the aging individual is one of the most worthy fields of modern medicine and up to the present time it has been virtually neglected. In that much of the difficulty is emotional, this is one of the tasks that psychiatry will have to help with as it faces the future.

A Protestant Viewpoint

Postscript on 'The Deputy'

ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

ANYONE WHO wishes to comment on Rolf Hochhuth's "The Deputy" and who does not live in New York labors under the disadvantage that it is difficult for him to see the New York performance that has sparked the controversy in America. The appearance of the entire text (Grove Press. $5.95) resolves some of these problems, although only a fraction of the full text is presented on the stage. But at least when "The Deputy" comes up in conversation I am now in a position where I can say, "No, I haven't seen the play but I've read the book."

Even when one has read the book, the question can be asked whether there is anything more worth saying about "The Deputy" that has not already been said, particularly in the light of the excellent symposia that have appeared in *The Commonweal* (February 28) and *Christianity and Crisis* (March 30). Despite the danger of repetition, I think there are several points growing out of the play and the public reaction to it that still deserve highlighting.

1. I fail entirely to understand the type of syllogistic reasoning so frequently employed in recent weeks that has argued something like this: "The Deputy" is an anti-Catholic play; anti-Catholic plays disturb our civic serenity; therefore, the play should not be staged. Major premise, minor premise and conclusion all seem to me to be false. The play is not anti-Catholic; it is not even anti-papal. (That it may be anti-Pius is another matter, to be commented upon later.) The "hero" is a Jesuit, and Hochhuth has dedicated the play to two members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Hochhuth does not suggest that the papacy is an evil institution; he argues that precisely because of the force for good that the papacy can represent, it has special obligations laid upon it.

One could indeed argue that Hochhuth has too optimistic an assessment of papal influence, too romantic a view of what a statement by the pope might have accomplished, for the most ringing papal utterance possible might simply have been ignored by Hitler. Hochhuth seems to be judging the church as it is by the church as it ought to be, appealing from the papacy uncomprehending to the papacy comprehending. One does not close the book thinking, "The Catholic Church and the papacy are anti-Christ," but rather, "How tragic that the greatness to which some Catholics rose was not achieved by more."

As for the notion that the play will upset domestic tranquillity because it seems to attack an institution that is an honored part of our common life, I am afraid that here too I fail to see the logic. Perhaps concern for the right of dissent is too thoroughly inbred into my Protestant bones, but I am fearful of any attitude that wants to keep things superficially serene rather than face uncomfortable charges and what might turn out to be uncomfortable truths. We must at all costs maintain an open forum for the exchange of ideas. If charges are made publicly, they should be dealt with publicly. If the charges are inaccurate or grossly distorted, those facts should be noted publicly and the author of the charges brought to public account.

But that all such controversy should be muzzled in advance, as a number of religious groups in New York were arguing, seems to me fatal not only to democracy but to truth. Those who condemned Hochhuth in advance without having seen the play, particularly those

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who argued that the American version should not be allowed to open at all (although the producer asserted that it would differ from the European version), stand condemned of the worst kind of intolerance—that of denying in advance the right of a person to speak, even when one is not yet sure what he is going to say.

2. The controversy has focussed, of course, on the accuracy or inaccuracy of Hochhuth's portrayal of Pius XII. The moral issue of Pius's responsibility to speak out on the plight of European Jews has been replaced by the historical issue of whether or not the man seen on the stage bears any real resemblance to the historical personage known as Pius XII. Hochhuth has taken upon himself the awesome responsibility of portraying and judging the inner motives of another man, and this any author does at tremendous peril. He has done so in a way that virtually every Catholic critic has found offensive—offensive because inaccurate, so it is charged. To the degree that the portrait *is* inaccurate, it must certainly be challenged, and critics of the play have had no compunction about doing so.

BUT ANOTHER issue has been raised by this discussion. For certain critics seem to feel that it is simply not proper to criticize a pope, and that anyone who does so is not only acting in bad taste but somehow attacking the very foundations of the see of Peter. Surely, however, it is crucially important to keep a clear distinction between the *person* and the *office*. A Protestant has many difficulties with the *office* of the papacy, but these can be kept quite separate from his assessment of the person of a pope. Protestant admiration for John XXIII is a case in point. A Roman Catholic has no difficulty with the *office* of the papacy, but this should not render him mute in assessing how well this individual or that has lived up to the demands of the office. I repeat: if Hochhuth has inaccurately portrayed the man, he in his turn must be held accountable. But his right to attempt a portrayal, even an unflattering portrayal if the facts bear him out, is certainly a valid right. No man, be he pope or not, can claim exemption from judgment for his moral actions.

3. This leads to a related but somewhat different point. Even if the Pius XII drawn by Hochhuth should turn out not to be the Pius XII of history, we are still left with the question of whether or not the Pius XII of history did all that such a person, in such an office, should have done on behalf of the Jews. This is an agonizing question. (Had Hochhuth's pope been a man of moral greatness and stature, genuinely torn and wracked by the decision he had to make, the play might have approached the depths and heights of real tragedy as a great man was destroyed. For Hochhuth so to have portrayed the pope would have been for Hochhuth to distort history as he understood it. Perhaps someone will write such a play; that playwright, however, had better be sure that he does not distort history in the opposite direction, or that if he does so, he makes clear that he is writing drama and not history.)

Nevertheless, I must confess a sense of reassurance in the light of the fact that very few of the Catholic critics of the play have sought to justify the Pope's silence. They betray reactions which range from a sense of acute embarrassment to poignant sorrow, that in the face of the atrocities of the concentration camps, the vicar of Christ did not speak a decisive word.

When the discussion gets to this level, when it moves from indignation about the Hochhuth portrayal to profound disquiet about the Pius XII of the '40s, it is apparent that Hochhuth's moral passion is beginning to get through to us. For no matter how uneasy a critic may be with the stage portrayal of Pius, he must not permit that issue to become a smokescreen behind which to avoid uneasiness about the Vatican's silence. And if history cannot be rewritten, and the silence of the church in the '40s simply has to be acknowledged, the problem to which the play calls attention can force us to recognize that silence is always the dangerous temptation of those charged with responsibility, particularly of those charged with the overseeing of millions of souls who are in situations as diverse as Munich, Dachau, Warsaw and New York. Let us hope that Hochhuth's treatment of papal silence in the '40s will help to preclude papal silence in future decades, when and if a clear voice is needed.

I HAVE always been haunted by Albert Camus' statement to a group of French Dominicans after the war that he, an unbeliever in the French underground, had waited in vain for a papal condemnation of Nazi atrocities. For him it was somehow worse to be told after the war that the condemnation had been uttered, but that it had been spoken in terms he could not recognize. "What the world expects of Christians," Camus went on, "is that Christians should speak out, loud and clear, and that they should voice their condemnation in such a way that never a doubt, never the slightest doubt, could rise in the heart of the simplest man." (*Resistance, Rebellion and Death*, p. 71). The loud, clear speech was never made. Christendom can gain no credit from the fact that the speech was never made, and attempts to "justify" the silence seem to me almost grotesque. And I fear that on this particular point, the judgment of history will be a painful one.

4. But to stop at this point would be to create the most irresponsible smokescreen of all. For if some Catholics have used the presumably inaccurate stage portrayal of Pius as a smokescreen to avoid facing the moral problem created by the real Pius's silence, many more people, both Catholic and Protestant, have used the exposure of the Pope's silence as a smokescreen to avoid facing the moral problem created by their own silence.

It is convenient to be able to blame the Pope for not speaking out, and if we can just keep our attention riveted on that fact—engage in careful discussions of what he might or might not have done, assess how much

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"damage" his speaking might have occasioned in relation to what lives he may have saved by not speaking—if we can just occupy ourselves with those problems long enough, then we can avoid the awful problem of *Christendom's* silence, which includes our own.

This, it seems to me, is the real thrust of Hochhuth's play; if he focusses, for dramatic reasons, on the person of the pope, it is not to let the rest of us off the hook, but precisely to make us ask the question of ourselves, "What did *we* do, or not do?" The Protestant had better not feel morally relieved that the Pope is indicted rather than the World Council of Churches (then "in process of formation") or that Catholicism rather than Protestantism is made most defensive by the play. And none of us can let a few courageous Christians, who did see the awful truth and said so, go bail for us. For every Dietrich Bonhoeffer or Maximilian Kolbe who paid the supreme price, there are the rest of us who did not—who knew the truth and kept silence; or who preferred not to know the truth because the truth would have had uncomfortable consequences for us; or who felt, knowing the truth, that there was nothing we could do about it anyway. Hochhuth comments in his notes at the end of the play, "If the individual can no longer be held responsible, either because he is no longer in a position to decide or else does not understand that he must decide, then we have an alibi for all guilt."

Professor Arthur Cochrane, in the *Christianity and Crisis* symposium referred to above, quotes Heinrich Gruber, who underwent torture in the concentration camps because of his efforts to save Jewish lives: "The issue in the book is not Pius XII but the guilt of us all. Guilt is not the bad we do but the good we neglect to do." This is what the play must drive home to us, and this is why the play's writing, producing and publishing are all eminently justified. For it *is* about us all, as Hochhuth himself has said: "Pius is a symbol, not only for all leaders, but for all men—Christians, atheists, Jews; for all men who are passive when their brother is harmed, whether in Auschwitz or in South Africa today."

. . . Or, we must finally add, in Palo Alto or Madison Avenue or Jackson or Bethesda or Viet Nam or any place where silence is irresponsibility and therefore guilt.

THE STAGE

Richard Burton's Hamlet

HAMLET should be measured by his ambitions. Had he not bad dreams, he tells us, he might be confined in a nutshell and still count himself "a king of infinite space." Good plays, serious, difficult, intractable, complex, transcendental, tragic plays have a way of dramatizing bad dreams. Taking them out of the shadows of experience, they make them a living, clear, present, and dangerous substance.

"Hamlet," no longer under the literal scrutiny of myopic Dr. Johnsons, no longer in our minds bound by foursquare unities, domestic realities, or the simplistic rules of daily logic, is such a play. The young hero, untimely vaulted into the world of necessary action, must —unlike the court around him—make drama out of his dreams, the phantoms from his imagination possessing a starker reality for him than the directly observable facts of Danish royal life. Surrounded by a grey, politic, coldly sensual world, he is a prisoner not merely of Denmark, but of his own unique colors, his infinite variety of spirit, his warm, passionate, completely human, desperately contained heart and mind. The challenge of production lies, as it were, in the nutshell: evoking the suffocating confinement of the human condition mirrored by Hamlet's Danish prison while suggesting the infinite space over which Hamlet might be king if he could but crack the shell of his own interior mystery.

If the challenge could be met only by way of the central performance, then the new production of the play directed by John Gielgud would be a rare triumph indeed. More often than not we hear of productions in which Denmark is present and the prince is lost somewhere in the wings of the leading actor's deficient imagination. On Broadway today, the reverse situation sadly prevails. Richard Burton's Hamlet stands alone on a "rehearsal" stage almost entirely populated by a dull band of strolling players who barely manage to walk through their parts. The only excuse for such casting and the tediously neutral performances is the excuse based on a fallacy: that grey roles should be played by grey actors, somehow denatured before they begin, inert, unacting reflectors of the atmosphere they are supposed to create.

Perhaps the production was doomed to neutrality from the start. Backing away from the pit- and pratfalls of Guthrie-ized Shakespeare (the school of Wouldn't-it-be-fun-if-Hamlet-were-an-unwilling-S.S.-Officer), Gielgud backed into an idea that is notable only for its startling lack of content or useful suggestiveness. There is no set, no period, and only the players of Gonzago's murder wear formal costumes as such. This, we are asked to imagine, is the final rehearsal before a performance, with Hamlet in black sweater and Gertrude draped in Miami mink. Such a directorial choice has the negative virtue of saying little or nothing about the play, thereby sparing us all those whacky gimmicks that so often flood Shakespeare with irrelevance. But just as it keeps out of the play's forward thrust, so does it do nothing to help the propulsive force of Shakespeare's encompassing perceptions. While avoiding impositions on the dramatist, Gielgud neatly sidesteps interpretation, thus giving some muddy-mettled actors

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an opportunity to do their imitations of acting with impunity.

Most of them run the classic gamut from *A* to flatted *B*. Claudius clenches his hands and grits his teeth, setting down to his prayers as if he were a lieder singer launching into an assault on Schubert with little art and less voice. Polonius—always popular with an audience that loves to show its recognition of famous lines—makes more of his opportunities, but remains yet another chattering actor, no matter and poor art. And the other men—with the happy exception of George Rose's innocent, relieving comedy as the First Gravedigger—all fade into one another, a blond head here, a bland face there. Eileen Herlie's Gertrude stretches towards the horizon of character, but she too sinks into the enveloping, unfelt general mist. As for Ophelia, a critic's broken heart can barely do ungallant justice to her cracked voice and aimless hunt for motivation.

What I am saying is that in a play where events spill over one another like children at their games, nothing, absolutely nothing, happens between people. The nutshell, the space, the breaths between thoughts and feelings, the vivid, shifting motions of life, the winds of constant change, the sense of danger, are all left to the soul and devices of one man. Were he less than a great actor, the dogs would once again have had their day.

Burton strides the centuries like a colossus. Burbage was said by a contemporary to be "an excellent orator, animating his words with speaking, and speech with acting," artfully varying and modulating his voice, "even to know how much breath he is to give every syllable." Garrick's first biographer wrote a poem in which nature cried out that Garrick was the thief of her colors. And Kean, said Lewes, was remarkable for his intense, passionate expression, and more important, for a gift that Lewes called "the expression of *subsiding emotion*." Add to these qualities, easily observable in Richard Burton, his peculiarly modern sense of psychology (about which he has the good sense to say nothing in interviews) and before you stands the most richly endowed, most musical, poetic, deeply sensitive Hamlet of our time.

In 1953, when he played the role at the Old Vic, he was closer to Hamlet's age, yet light years away from Hamlet's challenging, endlessly spacious world. His bolt was shot in the first soliloquy, and from there he had no further territory to explore. He chopped the rhythms, gabbled the verse, idly playing the idol and monotonously releasing his tears, a Niobe prince of shreds and patches. Now he mines the play for surprises, none of them gratuitous, all of them illuminating. He tastes his words, savoring them for delights and terrors, their sharp reverberations. His voice cuts the air, the sound of an English horn in its lower range, the cry of a breaking trumpet above. His mind is quicksilver, darting and weaving through the underbush of the text almost as sinuously as his body moves on stage.

Each moment represents discovery, as if he had just lighted on the words or concepts for the first time, the lines not so much written as inevitable. He shapes his scenes with the care of a sculptor. Offering no single attitude, he lets the prig in Hamlet live side by side with the saint, the tenderness of an unspent lover change suddenly to the savagery of an angry avenger; all of which would be less surprising and painfully mechanical were it not that he makes these strange companions live *within* each other rather than dealing them out in card-game succession. In short, he is intelligent, he knows how to contain and release ambivalent passions, and he has the voice, form, and mystery to sustain the agonies, to suspend decision.

That he falters towards the end, that his energies seem to drift from his pores, may best be explained by what must be an exhausting emptiness in his surroundings. An expansive, romantic, ambitious performance such as Burton's, reaching out of the darkness into Hamlet's infinite space, takes its life from abhorrence of vacuums. Meanwhile, it should be seen now as often as possible for what it is: the crown jewel of our theater in restless search of a better setting. *(At the Lunt-Fontanne)*

GORDON ROGOFF

(Gordon Rogoff, a guest columnist for this issue, is a regular drama critic for the Tulane Drama Review. Richard Gilman, drama critic for The Commonweal for the past three years, has accepted the post of drama critic for Newsweek. We are grateful to Mr. Gilman for his significant contributions in these pages and offer him our best wishes in his new position.)

THE SCREEN

Movies on Movies

GLOWING as I am about most of this year's Oscar awards, I'm sorry not to be able to praise a new batch of movies. No one of them is a likely winner of anything—except customers at the box office. And most of them are comedies kidding movies, something that films don't do often enough.

The main plot of "What a Way To Go" concerns a poor-but-honest country girl (Shirley MacLaine) who marries four husbands in seemingly rapid succession; and after the death of each spouse she is left much, much wealthier. Most of this is told in a series of flashbacks that start after widow Shirley tries to give $110 million to the Internal Revenue Department, which sends her immediately to a psychiatrist (Bob Cummings) who, needless to say, is fascinated by her rags to riches tale. While some of this, in the script

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written by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, is only mildly funny, the whole thing does get hilarious every now and then, thanks mainly to the absurd gimmicks and far-out touches.

The best of the gimmicks are the parodies on movies. As Shirley relates her life with her hard-working first husband (Dick Van Dyke), she says their life together was like an old silent movie; then the film-within-the-film carries on like an early silent film complete with jerky movement, exaggerated acting, and slapstick pratfalls. Husband No. 2 (Paul Newman) is a Parisian artist who has invented a machine that paints as it is controlled by sound. Life with him was like a French movie complete with sub-titles and sexy bedroom scenes that give the raspberry to the New Wave shockers.

After Paul's overworked machines strangle their inventor, the widow then marries a tycoon (Robert Mitchum) who has so much money that life becomes like one of those extravagant, super-deluxe dramas that has no relation to reality but does have gorgeous wardrobes, elaborate sets, and parties even more lush than those Ross Hunter dreams up. Mitchum gets killed trying to milk a bull; and Shirley, planning to start a simple life again, marries a song-and-dance man (Gene Kelly) who graduates from an eating joint to the big time and finally to Hollywood where their life together is kidded in a musical extravaganza that runs the gamut of good taste and bad taste from all the operettas and musical comedies ever turned out.

The cast in "What a Way To Go" (which also has Dean Martin as Shirley's first and last love and that wonderful Margaret Dumont as Shirl's mother who advises that money is everything) is amusing enough, but the trouble with the picture is that it lacks a light touch and didn't know when to finish a sequence and let well enough alone. What the film still needs is a pair of scissors to make the whole thing sharper, faster, and funnier.

MOVIE COMEDIES are always touch-and-go affairs in which timing is almost the most important item. If a comedy drags, the audience is likely to realize that all this isn't really very funny. Perhaps that's the trouble with "Paris When It Sizzles," which isn't a hopeless comedy, but neither is it as amusing as its makers think. No doubt they had a bright idea when they decided to re-make an old French movie called "Holiday for Henrietta," which was a pleasant little affair about movie-makers imagining the movies they are making. Now blown up in lush Technicolor with stunning shots of Paris, this simple story has almost become one of the elaborate films being kidded by "What a Way To Go." But "Paris When It Sizzles" does a lot of kidding on its own; and as the scriptwriter, played by William Holden, dictates to his secretary (Audrey Hepburn) his various efforts to complete a script, they visualize themselves in the lead roles—in an exaggerated spy thriller, a love story, a horror, a western, or what have you.

Producers Richard Quine (who also directed) and George Axelrod (who also wrote the script) have made "Paris" such a slick, fancy film that it becomes almost impossible for the viewer to tell which is reality and which is the film-within the film. Both Hepburn and Holden are attractive, but neither of the roles they play has any relation to real life. Holden as the hard-drinking author, and Hepburn as the pretty, Givenchy-gowned secretary are as dreamy and off-base as the various spies, safe-crackers, femmes fatales, and baby dolls in the parodies. No doubt film buffs, feeling very "in" about all this, will enjoy every lecture and satire on movie-making, but some of dialogue and visuals get too cute and tricky. "Paris" doesn't always sizzle.

AMONG the movie characters whom William Holden burlesques in his scriptwriting activities is Secret Agent 007, also known as James Bond. His take-off isn't quite as good as Sean Connery's in "From Russia With Love," the newest of the Ian Fleming thrillers to hit our screens. But Connery has had more practice: he played the same character in the previous Fleming movie, "Dr. No." "From Russia" is really more of same with cloak-and-dagger thrills, spying activities, deadly weapons, beautiful girls, and laughs with and at the plot. This plot is almost impossible to follow, but Fleming fans among my friends tell me this doesn't matter. I'm not sure what does matter except all the fast action. In this second Fleming movie, director Terence Young seems to be kidding the whole genre. If he continues to do this in the third and fourth and fifth films to stem from Fleming books, he may kid this kind of thriller right off the screen. The loss is other people's, not mine.

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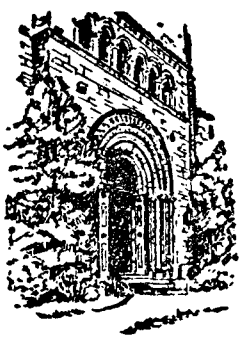

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A Critical View of Adenauer and His Era

Adenauer. By Charles Wighton. Coward-McCann. $5.75.

by Adolph Schalk

GEORGE WASHINGTON was the commander-in-chief of the colonial armies in the American Revolution. He was also a well-known country gentleman. These two statements are true, but a writer who would develop only these two facts about Washington would be guilty of an enormous lie.

This book does not quite perpetrate a lie as big as this, but it so simplifies the complexity of the man who is Konrad Adenauer that it can only be called a grave distortion, even though it appears that nearly every allegation and fact in the book is true.

To be sure, the book is subtitled, "a critical biography," and to make certain that the reader doesn't forget this, he is reminded at the top of every other page by another subtitle (one suspects the author's original title), "Adenauer – democratic dictator." In addition, the reader is reminded in a childish way at least a hundred times more that Adenauer is "arrogant," "stiff-necked," "autocratic." As if to say, "Adenauer *is* a dictator. He is, he is, he is!" Mr. Wighton's shrill verbal attacks on the recently retired West German Chancellor are so profuse and so loud that it was very difficult for me to hear what his otherwise well-marshalled facts were saying. Though I hold no brief for Mr. Adenauer, I nearly found myself rooting for him in this book.

This is a pity, for if the book evokes these same reactions in other readers as it did in me, some of the highly worthwhile things badly needing saying will have lost their desired effect.

In fairness to Mr. Wighton it must be said that he admits that Adenauer led "his rump of the Reich back to sovereignty and freedom," that he headed the post-war government which led the Germans to "fantastic material prosperity," that he restored Germany to "international respectability," and that his actions in behalf of Israel and the Jews are those "of a great man."

But he says all this in passing, as a footnote almost, as a grudging afterthought. By far the bulk of the book can be characterized as a highly subjective attack on Adenauer rather than a sober evaluation, pro and con, as one would expect of a responsible biographer. Not only is there no compassion at all, but the accusations are heaped upon Adenauer, to be sure backed by facts and anecdotes, in a devastatingly separate manner from his possible virtues and achievements.

"Was Konrad Adenauer a great man," the author asks in the very last paragraph, "with almost unbelievable lapses into parochial pettiness; or was he just a little man inspired by the crisis of his people to periods of real greatness?"

In this sentence the author has the markings of a well-balanced properly focused book. Had he stuck to this theme throughout the book, he would have been able to present the real complex, enigmatic, contradictory Adenauer. The reader is at a decided

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disadvantage when he tries to evaluate the author's discussion of Adenauer's alleged authoritarian methods; toleration of equivocal figures from the Third Reich in his government; alleged deep-rooted bias against the Protestant-dominated former Prussian and East German territories.

I could not agree with him more that Adenauer did seem to pay only lip service to German reunification because in a reunited Germany Protestants would outnumber Catholics, Socialists would outnumber Christian Democrats and Adenauer's chances for re-election would be diminished.

I agree with him that the old Catholic Zentrum party, in which Adenauer began his active political life, "was a confessional story of political opportunists." But I can't help but feel that the author's repeated references to "Catholic autocracy and authoritarianism" are not ecumenically-inspired, and that he lacks the fundamental grasp of the highly significant and relevant religious issue that runs all through German politics and, consequently, Adenauer's career. His analysis of the C.D.U. and Adenauer's involvement in its founding is superficial in the extreme. And the author's references to the Church and churchmen border on the naive.

There are frequent careless remarks as, for example, calling Adlai Stevenson "one of the world's outstanding radicals," and Adenauer a "ruthless dictator." The author is right in censuring Adenauer for his involvement in the Gestapo-like *Spiegel* affair. Certainly there is strong evidence that he was a chronic autocrat. But to insinuate that Adenauer was like Hitler, as the author does, and to call him a "ruthless dictator" is manifestly absurd.

The facts may justify the author's conclusions, as I personally think they do. But it seems to me that he lacks the proper detachment necessary to make them convincing.

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Social Security

The Social Security Program In The United States. By Charles I. Schottland. Appleton, Century, Crofts, 209 pp. $5.95.

by Edward T. Chase

THIS factual account of American welfare and social insurance appears as the House Ways and Means Committee is again absorbed with the most important proposal for expanding Social Security since the program's inception in 1935, the financing of health care for the aged. The issue has been a perennial one since the 1940's, of course, about like the farm issue. For years the standard litmus paper test for telling a liberal Congressman from a conservative has been to find out if he's voted for or against using the Social Security tax to underwrite the costs —the "liberal" is for it, never you mind that it's a regressive tax.

On the evidence of this book where Schottland stands is anyone's guess, this despite the fact he's been an important welfare official on and off for thirty years. My impression has always been that he supports the Social Security approach. But he makes just two glancing neutral references to the issue in this book, nor do these references invoke the names of the disputed acts themselves, such as the King-Anderson bill or Kerr-Mills, fighting words to millions.

Dean Schottland—he presides over Brandeis' Graduate School For Advanced Studies in Social Welfare—was the U.S. Commissioner of Social Security under Eisenhower and it may be that after repeated exposure to the General's incoherent rejection of the Social Security principle, Schottland can't bear to re-tackle the issue.

In truth this is a book in the academic mode, which is to say it seems to skirt the crucial questions—such as (1) why we have a Social Security system inadequate in coverage and in benefits, fragmented and tentative, this, when we are launching a war on poverty; and (2) what is actually involved today in "making economic security a reality in the lives of all Americans," which Schottland avers is an accepted American commitment. It is nothing of the sort, of course, and one wonders why so urbane a scholar as the Dean feels compelled to utter such a piety.

Still and all his book comes close to filling the desperate need for a coherent, historically oriented collection of the contemporary facts on social security (lower case, since Schottland also deals with private insurance, workmen's compensation and other devices not accommodated within the federal Social Security program). This book thus embraces a huge segment of our modern mixed economy—$30 to $40 billion paid to 30 million persons annually under the government program alone—the details only dimly known except by welfare specialists.

Important the subject is, granted. But importance only infrequently

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translates into interesting, alas. So only the resolute will labor through Schottland's recital of the facts on unemployment insurance, pensions, public assistance, workmen's compensation insurance, the railroad workers' security programs, government employee retirement systems, veterans' benefits and the rest of the dreary data that spell the welfare state.

If eloquence isn't Schottland's forte, nevertheless he does reiterate rather effectively the familiar principles underlying Social Security that seem to elude its legion of mindless critics: that the fact it is a contributory program during one's working years means the benefits come to the beneficiary as a *right*, not a handout; that the fact the Social Security tax is *compulsory* (the word alone so confounded Eisenhower he remained balled up by the medicare issue throughout his tenure) is essential both to save the improvident from themselves and to establish so wide a spread of the risks that the program will not suffer unduly from what insurance people call malselection, that is, covering only the poorer risks; that Social Security is designed to compensate for income loss, absolutely essential in a wage-based, urbanized society, and that thereby it helps stabilize the economy by sustaining purchasing power; that U.S. laggardness in developing Social Security is traceable to our abundance of free land, a sure cushion for our surplus labor up till the twentieth century.

From 1850 to 1900 an average of 35,000 farms a year were added to the cultivated areas of the U.S.A., Schottland tells us. It is too bad he does not elaborate on the more important fact of the abrupt reversal of this process. For if the land served as our Social Security in the nineteenth century, the precipitous flight from the land owing to the impact of new technology goes to the root of our welfare problem ever since (3 million Negroes left the rural South for Northern cities from 1940 to 1960, 326,000 from the cradle of illiteracy alone, Mississippi). It is precisely this kind of structural maladjustment that must be appreciated if we are ever to face up to the challenge of achieving security in the age of automation.

Schottland's book is recommended reading for not only the anti-Social Security types in the business community but also for the eager but inexperienced theorists creating novel strategies to minister to the nouveau poor. It can clue the new theorists into the political realities of welfare reform. For the book suggests in historical context why certain approaches have proved to be palatable to American politicians and public and why others haven't a chance. It is most instructive to know the underlying theory which makes housing subsidies, unemployment benefits, Social Security pensions, relief, free food, school lunches, help for Indians, student aid, and rehabilitation of the disabled all acceptable expedients in a competitive, private, profit-oriented society. Having mastered this conventional wisdom, one can devise more effective arguments for such seemingly radical notions as the guaranteed annual income of the

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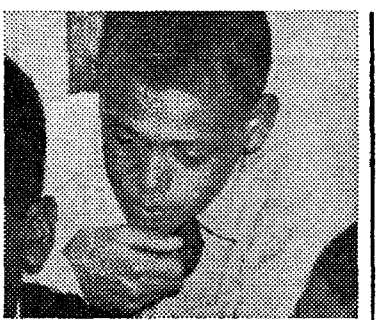

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Ad Hoc Committee of the Triple Revolution. Eventually we may get a significantly large enough section of the electorate which does not trust in the benign automaticity of the market system so that "making economic security a reality in the lives of all Americans" does indeed become an accepted commitment among the American people.

Sociology Today

Beyond the Ruling Class. By Suzanne Keller. Random House. $7.50.

by Robert M. Barry

WHILE it is easy enough to examine this work as a text, which is assuredly one of its aims, its deeper significance lies in the fact that it reveals the direction of sociology today. One could even suggest that we have before us another *Apologia pro vita sua*, but from a sociological perspective, of course.

In the context of the history of its present forms of development in this country, sociology is about sixty years old, give or take a decade. Its first task was the securing of academic approval: the creation of a sociology department distinct from either history or philosophy. (This stage of development even exists in some colleges today.) During the depression the sociologist was generally frustrated by the public's image of him as somehow linked with the social work do-gooders. Yet World War II brought this situation, though not the image, to an end. Sociologists entered into the service of their country. Though not all served in a sociological capacity, it was an excellent move that offered the opportunity for the few who served to show the world that sociology could serve the national interest.

Those sociologists who did not serve in their professional capacity were merely accepted on the basis of their personal attributes; some approval is better than none, even for sociologists. (While there appears to be some similarity between the approval given to sociologists during the War and the approval given to the housewives who saved the normally discarded fat for its nitrogen content —or was it oxygen?—this will have to be researched later.)

After the War there was a dichotomy of power. One large university in New York City attempted to gain a day in the sun for sociology by aping (an excellent word!) the mathematical precision of the natural sciences, who were then riding high on their new image of bomb-makers.

Another university, a long-historied one outside of Boston, set up a department of social relations that had intentions of developing a universal science of man, using sociology as its Archimedean point. Feeding off much of the good will and approval gained in the War both sociological approaches were able to secure many grants to help the armed forces, some government bureaus, and private industry in their own problems. Yet, for all this piecemeal recognition, it has bothered the sociological ego that when the academic men have gone off to Washington every four years the sociologists seem not to be among them.

The author appears to write within precisely this context. She attempts to link the empirical perspective of one university with the "Grand Theory" of the other university. This is done so as to provide a new understanding of those leadership groups—strategic elites—that have a sustained impact upon our society.

But it is done in the manner of "if you can't join 'em, you can at least understand 'em better than they understand themselves." (An ill-trained European teacher of past acquaintance, quite unconsciously I am sure, used to tell each student, on the first day of class, the historical origin of their family name. He thus suggested, in a manner not dissimilar to the sociologist, that he knew more about the student than they knew about themselves.)

More specifically, what the author does is to apply the theoretical structure of Talcott Parsons to the present-day confusion in the study of the elites. Parsons, presently wielding extensive power in the academic sphere, believes that any social system has both internal and external problems that must be solved if the system is to continue.

The author recognizes the political,

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economic, military, scientific, and diplomatic elites as concerned with the external aspect of the social system; while the moral, aesthetic, religious, status, and intellectual elites are concerned with the internal aspect. This division is not exclusive, however, for a breakthrough or new discovery in one area will have consequences in many other areas. Those elites concerned with goal attainment and adaptation, the external aspects of the social system, are judged by what they accomplish: stability, victory, higher standard of living, improved health, etc. Those elites concerned with the internal aspects of the social system, that is, moral integration and social solidarity, are judged by what they represent, although these are intangible: moods and states of mind, pleasure, the fear of death, etc.

For all of the author's concern that an industrial society presents new problems for the sociologist who studies the new elites, for all of her verbal recognition of change, development, and newness, the final chapter, in its pointing to the future, refers to such sources as: the Book of Proverbs, Aristotle, Roberto Michels, Max Weber, George Orwell, Durkheim, de Tocqueville, Saint-Simon, and Harold Laski.

Ordinarily one would have expected a humble back-off from the problems of the future in an industrial society, rather than a direct suggestion of confrontation and then a retreat to the classic. This "we can use anyone" perspective suggests that, perhaps, the sociological Archimedean point is still a temptation.

In brief, the book does a good theoretical job. (Even without its theory it is loaded with insights.) While it is important to preserve one's regard for theory, there is still such a thing as *abstract* theory, a theory that clarifies other theories, but does little with regard to the real world. It is important to recognize that there is a real world.

What is missing is any historical reference to the development of elites in the United States. James Madison is mentioned in passing; there is no concern for Washington, Adams, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson, and the many others that were responsible for the creation of this country. The author really tips her hand when she ignores those social reformers of the 1920's and 30's who found themselves in Washington with the opportunities for genuine experiments.

But, of course, these people had no "Grand Theory." They had hopes and beliefs and they wanted to sell their goals, not themselves. They merely wanted to concretely change the face of the United States, to bring its reality more in line with its intentions. While they did not know things with precision, they had deep suspicions that any social change that aided men in becoming more human would be a step in the right direction. Not all social scientists see this so clearly.

REVIEWERS

Adolph Schalk, an American writer long resident in Germany, contributes to journals here and in Europe.

Edward T. Chase writes frequently on cultural and social questions.

Robert M. Barry has written for *Thought* and the *American Benedictine Review*.

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The Commonweal's Role

WHAT SPECIAL PLACE can a weekly journal of opinion edited by laymen fill? . . . As a lay-edited magazine The Commonweal has no "official" status within the Church. It cannot speak for the Church nor can it pretend to claim that its editorial views represent even an unofficial consensus. It is a "Catholic publication" only in the sense that its editors are Catholic laymen whose judgments are informed by their dedication to their religious convictions.

Yet in the thirty-eight years since its founding, the editors of The Commonweal have never looked upon its unofficial status as a handicap. On the contrary it has served to emphasize a vital requirement of Catholic life: that in his day-to-day life the Christian is called upon to apply, as a fallible man, his religious principles to the flux and flow of human events. As a Catholic he has the help of the teaching authority of the Church, whose obligation it is to enunciate and explain those principles. In the end, however, it is the individual himself who must apply them, who must give them life and relevance in the market-place.

Thus when The Commonweal speaks out on a specific problem of the temporal order—on "public affairs, literature and the arts"—it does not represent *the* Catholic position, but only *a* Catholic position. At times, no doubt, the views of the editors may closely tally with those of a majority of American Catholics; but at other times—and they are not infrequent—they may be shared by very few. Such considerations of popularity are irrelevant. What matters is that our opinions make some contribution to the common good. In this sense, controversy and debate have been inherent in our role. That is as it should be: vigorous debate is crucial for free men. . . .

If the problems of American Catholics have changed drastically over the years, one change is especially noteworthy. Prior to the 1950's—though a great residue remains—American Catholics were prone to be defensive about their religion. There were good reasons for this: the forces of nativism seemed a permanent part of American life. What this meant was that a considerable part of Catholic thought was devoted to showing the compatibility of Catholicism and democracy. It also meant that Catholics were apt to ignore their own deficiencies.

In recent years, much of this has changed. For the first time, American Catholics are now willing to take a close look at their own performance, to measure their ideals against the reality of their actions. At the same time, a new awareness of the importance of the laity in the Church has burst upon the scene with astonishing force. Taken together these changes have meant a period of intense ferment, of bold thought and an honest examination of conscience. . . .

It is this drive for confrontation which has earned for The Commonweal the reputation of being a "liberal" weekly. It is not a description we would disavow. On the contrary, as nothing else ever could, the great wisdom of Popes Pius XII and John XXIII seems to us to have swept away forever the notion that the Catholic must only protect and preserve; or that the modern world is alien to the Church. No: the Catholic must be a "man for all seasons." That is what we stand for.

—from the February 15, 1963 issue

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